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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES P. WALKER

JANUARY 10, 1891

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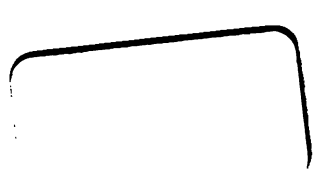


Hon. James P. Walker.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES P. WALKER,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MISSOURI,

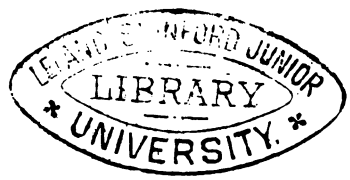
DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1891



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CONCURRENT RESOLUTION TO PRINT THE EULOGIES UPON JAMES P. WALKER.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring*), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late James P. Walker, a Representative in the Fifty-first Congress from the State of Missouri, twelve thousand copies; of which three thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand copies shall be for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said James P. Walker, to accompany said eulogies. That of the quota to the House of Representatives the Public Printer shall set apart fifty copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco, with gilt edges, the same to be delivered, when completed, to the family of the deceased.

In the House of Representatives, agreed to February 27, 1891.

In the Senate, agreed to March 2, 1891.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JULY 21, 1890.

Mr. DOCKERY. Mr. Speaker, it has been but a little more than twelve months since, standing at this very desk, I announced the death of that eminent Missourian Hon. James N. Burnes.

To-day the melancholy duty devolves upon me of announcing to the House the death of yet another colleague.

The grim summons came unherald to my friend Hon. JAMES P. WALKER at his home in Dexter, Missouri, on last Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. His death resulted from congestion of the brain.

Mr. Speaker, Missouri mourns his loss, for he was loyal to her interests, faithful in the public service, honorable and true in all the relations of private life.

Sir, this is not the hour to pronounce a eulogy upon our distinguished departed colleague, but at some appropriate time in the future the Missouri delegation will ask the House to lay aside its ordinary business, that a fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Mr. Speaker, I offer for present consideration the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That a select committee, consisting of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral, and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying into effect the provisions of this resolution.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate; and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The question was taken upon the adoption of the resolutions, and they were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. Pending the announcement of the result, the Chair desires to appoint the following members of the committee referred to in the resolution: Mr. Dockery, of Missouri; Mr. Frank, of Missouri; Mr. Crisp, of Georgia; Mr. Morrill, of Kansas; Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee; Mr. Baker, of New York, and Mr. Davidson, of Florida.

The result of the vote was then announced; and accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

EULOGIES.

DECEMBER 6, 1890.

Mr. WHITELAW. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Saturday, January 10, beginning at 2 p. m., be fixed as a special order for pronouncing eulogies upon the Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, deceased, late Representative from the Fourteenth Congressional district of Missouri.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, January 10, beginning at 2 p. m., be set aside for paying tribute to the memory of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, late a member of the House of Representatives from the Fourteenth Congressional district of Missouri.

Mr. DOCKERY. Mr. Speaker, by a prior order of the House this hour has been set apart that the friends of the late Hon. JAMES P. WALKER may pay suitable tributes to his memory. He was my friend in all that the term ingenuously implies. As a Representative he was frank, patriotic, and fearless; as sincere, devoted, and zealous in the people's interest as in his private walk and personal character he was stainless and without reproach.

In behalf of the Missouri delegation on this floor I submit the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret of the death of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, in order that the faithful public services, as well as the personal virtues and worth, of the deceased may be fittingly commemorated.

Resolved, That as an additional tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased the House shall, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHITELAW, OF MISSOURI.

JANUARY 10, 1891.

Mr. SPEAKER: The House is again called upon to suspend its ordinary proceedings that it may in a proper manner mark its respect for one of its former members whose death it laments, to testify to his private worth and public virtues and give expression to its sorrow. Once more the members from Missouri have been called upon to mourn the loss of one of their colleagues. At 2 o'clock Saturday, July 19, 1890, the spirit of Hon. JAMES PETER WALKER took its flight to its eternal home. In the few remarks that I shall make I purpose only to give a brief outline of his life and character.

He was born in Lauderdale County, Tennessee, on March 14, 1851, and hence at the time of his death was in his fortieth year. When a boy he attended the neighboring schools and obtained a fair common-school education, to which he afterwards added a large store of special and general knowledge by an intelligent application to books and business. It may properly be said of him that by his own indomitable pluck and energy he transformed himself from a poor plowboy in the cornfield, from a hewer of wood

and drawer of water, to the highest political position within the gift of his people.

At the age of fourteen he secured a position in a country store in Tennessee, where by hard labor and rigid economy he earned a living for himself and assisted in supporting a widowed mother and young sisters. In 1867 he left Tennessee and moved to Missouri, taking his mother and family with him, and settled near Kennett, in Dunklin County, where he lived for several years. He cleared land and worked in the fields the first year after moving to Missouri; but seeing that there was a good opening for a general store at Kennett, and having the assistance of his former employer in Tennessee, he established himself in business at Kennett before he had attained the age of eighteen.

From this small beginning Mr. WALKER in the course of a few years gradually advanced in his business until he became a large dealer in grain, in which he was interested at the time of his death. Whatever fondness he possessed for politics was not of a selfish nature; the campaign of his friend was in every sense his own; the same anxiety and energy, the same devotion to duty and ambition for success, characterized his efforts as though he were a candidate himself.

To this possibly as much as any other trait of our deceased friend's character was due his remarkable advancement. In 1888 he was elected a member of the State Democratic committee. In 1880 he was elected a delegate to the Cincinnati convention. In 1884 Mr. WALKER became a candidate for Congress, and was defeated for the nomination by Hon. William Dawson after two conventions had been held and hundreds of ballots taken. In 1886 he again became a candidate, received the nomination, and was elected at the polls by an overwhelming majority.

In 1888 he was honored by the people of his district by being renominated without opposition and reëlected by an increased majority. To his record while here I need not refer, because that is familiar to you. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that nothing but words of praise and commendation come from the lips of his colleagues upon this floor and the employés of this body. In politics he was always a Democrat, knew no higher law than the Constitution of his country, was ambitious of no distinction except that incident to a faithful discharge of a representative trust. His devotion to duty was so absolute and unquestioning, his abnegation of self so utter and complete, that they overshadowed that prudence which ordinarily prompts us to regard personal comfort and personal safety as superior to other considerations.

Enervated by the excessive heat and exhausted by the unusually arduous labors of the first session of this Congress he went home to look after his campaign, when he was suddenly seized by the messenger of Death. A loving wife and kind friends did all in their power to make him live, but to no purpose. No better eulogy could be passed upon him than the resolutions of respect adopted by the citizens of his own city, in which it was said:

> The life of JAMES P. WALKER is a fit commentary on our Government and its possibilities in developing men; and in the purity of his character, in determination of purpose, in his fidelity to every duty, every trust, every friend, his example is commended to the youth of our land. Without the allurements of wealth or the training of the college, without friends in high places to lift him up, he rose by the strength of his own manhood, the energy of his own purpose, and the moral rectitude of his own life to the highest political honors. Twice called to represent his people in the Halls of Congress, he was still one of the people, loved and honored by them, and ever faithful to the trust reposed in him.

In his account of the life of Buddha, Edwin Arnold relates a touching incident of a woman who came to her lord bear-

ing her dead child in her arms and praying that he might reinstate the spark of life that had fled from the little one. With the gentleness that was characteristic of him, Buddha taught the suppliant a consolation that was almost Christ-like. He told her that if she would find him a house in which black mustard seed was to be found and which had never been visited by the dread summons of death, he would restore her child to life. Full of the hope that springs only in the breast of a bereaved mother she traveled the land far and wide, and returned at last to him who sent her with the sad report that of houses with mustard seed she had found many, but none to which death had not come.

The funeral of JAMES P. WALKER was one of the most imposing and wonderful demonstrations of public respect and popular affection ever witnessed in southeast Missouri. The old and young, in the highest and lowest walks of life, some from far distances and at great personal inconvenience, attended to pay the last tribute of respect to their dead friend and statesman. They acted and seemed to feel as though they had lost a brother, son, or father. Strong men and women, when they marched around the bier of JAMES P. WALKER to take a last look at him in whom they had placed so much trust and confidence and who in turn had honored them by his loyalty to their interest, shed tears of grief and uttered lamentations of sorrow. Thus lived and died one of God's noblemen. Let him rest in peace.

ADDRESS OF MR. BAKER, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with the departed friend whose memory we honor to-day began in the early days of the last Congress. That acquaintance ripened into friendship in this Congress through association with him in the closer official relation which followed as members of the Committee on Commerce. As in the House, so he was in our committee. He gave prompt, intelligent, and faithful service, always manifesting an earnest desire to perform his full share of the arduous duties with which he was charged.

I was impressed with the belief that his participation in the duties of public life was inspired with a full realization of the high responsibility resting upon him. He was honest and capable, fearless and independent, and personally controlled by a warm and friendly spirit. He inspired faith in mankind, and commanded the confidence of all. His sincerity won my esteem not only for him as a man, but a firm belief that he was eminently worthy of the high trust confided to him by the suffrage of his constituency. Hence, when he came to bid me good-by just as he departed for a visit to his district, I could but wish for him a continuance of the honors he had so worthily worn. Little did we realize that a last good-by on this side of the river had been spoken as he left. Truly,

> Life treads on life and heart on heart;
> We press too close in church and mart
> To keep a dream or grave apart.

In a few weeks, Mr. Speaker, the pleasant associations experienced during the past six years of my own Congressional life will terminate, but time can never terminate the friend-

ships formed, while the memory of those of our colleagues whom God hath called from labor to eternal rest will ever be cherished.

It is proper that we should pay honor in this way to the memory of our deceased friend and associate. May we not in so doing afford consolation to an afflicted household, and at the same time give new luster to those graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, which are the divine characteristics of every manly heart?

We should be reminded that we are rapidly pressing on toward the same dark river over which our friend has passed. A few years, or months, or weeks, or days, God only knows when the summons may come to you or to me. Then let us so live that we may say with trusting, abiding faith:

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.
What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
Better that He unlock the day,
And as the doors swing open say,
"My will is best."

I am sure that no undue praise can be spoken of Mr. WALKER. He merits all that has been or that may be said of him.

It is appropriate, Mr. Speaker, that we pay these tributes to his worth, and accord honor to his memory by these memorial exercises.

It is with sadness, and yet sincerity, that I join in these ceremonies to-day. I heartily indorse whatever may be spoken by those who knew him best. The pending resolutions fitly express the sentiments of my heart.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCMILLIN, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is a sad duty that we assemble to perform to-day. JAMES P. WALKER has taken that road which all must take, and has reached that goal that all must reach. This life may be summed up: A breath, a smile, a tear, a death.

Born in 1851, he saw the Southland, of which he was a son, in as great prosperity as it or probably any other country of the world had ever attained. Living through the troubled and unfortunate period of the war, he saw that same land in sorrow, in tears, and in adversity.

He was of that generation of young men who looked around them at the close of 1865 and beheld themselves a part of eleven millions of men, women, and children so destitute that the combined wealth of seven millions of them would not have paid for one night's lodging in the humblest hotel. Yet he could boast before he died that he was also of the generation that had faced adversity, that had defied misfortune, and had rehabilitated the land that they had seen almost in ruin.

When cast upon the world, he had responsibilities that God gave him the manhood to meet. He had a dependent mother and an affectionate sister who relied alone on his strong arm for support. He believed that in the whole history of mankind there had never been any except three forms of government. One, wherein the man permitted or required the woman to support herself and him, known as the savage state; another, wherein the man had required the woman to support herself; the last, the highest, the most glorious type of government, wherein the man sup-

ported not only himself, but every woman whom nature had placed an obligation on him to assist, whether mother or wife.

He met these responsibilities like a man. At an early date he left the State of Tennessee and pitched his tent in a far-off land. He risked winning his way among strangers. He believed from the beginning that man's noblest work was not in the accumulation of money; that the greatest honor was not to be attained simply by the acquisition of wealth. So believing, he preferred rather to be potent with the men of his day than with the money of his time.

How well he succeeded a seat in this Hall, when he was only in middle life, tells—in this Hall, which it is an honor for any man in the world to reach at any period of his life. Here he developed those characteristics which showed that the trust of his people was well bestowed. He had all of the gentleness which made him dear to the hearts of those who served with him. He had coupled with this all of the strength and sternness to move him to the discharge of duty, however much it went against his own inclination in particular cases.

But be it also said to his credit that he did not, either at home or here, confine himself alone to what should inure to his good in this life. He was a Christian. He was one of those who believed that this smile and this tear of which I spoke in the beginning are not man's ultimate and only destination. He could not believe that his end was to be the same as that of the unthinking ox that plods its way over the clod. It is not inappropriate on this occasion to comment briefly on how well his faith was founded.

Concerning the future state, it is true that we know little and can know little. But it may be said concerning it that almost every human being in the world aspires for some-

thing beyond this life. All nations of the world have believed that there was something beyond this life. Is it possible that that God who created us implanted in us an aspiration and a longing that is universal and yet can never be gratified? If so, it is the only instance where nature has made the aspiration and the longing and not made possible its gratification.

But again we have something in us that distinguishes us from other animals. We have the power to laugh, to cry, to think—that power that we call the spirit. The spirit is either material or immaterial; all will admit this. If it is immaterial, the doctrine of the theologians is true, and it may live outside of the body and independently of it—may therefore be immortal. If, on the other hand, it is material, the doctrine of the philosopher—in which all philosophers agree—that nothing material can be destroyed, takes hold of it, and it is indestructible, immortal. So in any event you have the immortality of that which we call the spirit, whether it is material or immaterial.

The very analogies of things in nature that are around us go far to show, and to my mind are sufficient to prove, that the faith of this our dead friend was not ill founded and that the resurrection of man is probable. May I comment upon this very briefly.

We will go first to the hive of the honeybee, that now in this climate presents nothing but the appearance of death. Every individual member of that hive is to-day seemingly dead. In the spring and in the summer its life is only forty days. It flits its life away in that brief period. Yet when the chilling frost comes there is somewhere in the universe a power which takes hold of the honeybee, stops animation, and prolongs its life for six months during the winter, and in the springtime sends it forth on a vigorous wing and

with a new hum. Is it possible that the power which resurrects the honeybee can not resurrect man.

Again, from the days of ancient Egypt, and even back beyond Egypt as far as history and tradition go, one kind of insect has made its appearance upon earth regularly every seventeen years; that insect is the locust. It comes, enjoys its humble and brief existence, after which it departs. But at the end of seventeen years, as regularly as the clock strikes at the return of the noon hour, it comes back to sing again the weird song that its ancestors have sung periodically for thousands of years. Is it probable, ay, is it possible, that there is a God who watches over the hole that that insect has made in the ground for seventeen years and resurrects it, but will not care for man and resurrect him?

But these are not all. The most despised of all creeping things is the serpent. Cursed by God, despised by man, it draws its loathed form and ignoble existence out prone upon the ground. Yet when the wintertime comes even that despised reptile is cared for. It has a suspended animation. During the whole winter it is said that it may be taken up and broken without feeling the wound that is inflicted. But in the springtime, when the gentle showers come, with the genial sunshine upon the earth, there is somewhere in nature an omnipotence so omniscient that even the snake's den goes not unobserved and unguarded. By it even the serpent is revived.

We are told in Holy Writ that the sparrow's fall is noted. With what exultant pride ought we to rejoice inasmuch as we are superior to all these, and hence may exult in the joyous hope of a final resurrection. Is it possible that this is the last of our dear friend in the whole universe ? I do not believe it. I do not want to believe it.

But, Mr. Speaker, I have wandered further into that line of thought than I had intended.

Mr. WALKER was another illustration of American energy and American genius, that attempts too much in too little time. His superabundance of energy caused his death.

The beautiful tribute which England's marvelous poet paid Kirke White may properly be applied to him and to his fall, when we remember that it was the result of over-exertion on his part. You recollect that tribute is in these words:

> So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
> Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
> He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel;
> While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
> Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

I know that I voice, Mr. Speaker, the feeling of every one here who knew this deserving and able public servant when I say that from this Hall there goes out to-day, beyond the Alleghanies, beyond the Father of Waters, to his former home a sympathetic tear for the poor wife, whom God has decreed shall "tread the wine press alone."

ADDRESS OF MR. BUCHANAN, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: A legislative body having in charge the interests of sixty millions of people must ever be pressed for time. At the best, but a tithe of the measures prepared can be considered at all, and too often that consideration must be hasty and imperfect. We sometimes feel as though we could not stop and give to those who fall by the way even the tribute of the remainder of some legislative day.

But looking simply at ourselves, are not we and our work

the gainers by it? Do we not, as we lay aside the pressing cares the positions we hold lay upon us, and gather together, animated by that sympathy which, at the open grave, makes the whole world kin, to pay the last tribute of respect to one of our number, learn better the lesson that after all, from whatever section we may come, however differently we may view our duty, or however widely separate our actions may be, we are yet citizens of one common country, members of one common community, pilgrims towards one common goal?

We remember at all times our responsibility to our constituents. This is ever present with us. Each legislative act calls it to mind. But do we always remember our responsibility to the One who orders the affairs of nations, and who would have us in each act we do remember truth and righteousness? At the last we must account to Him. It fits us better for our duties to pause at times in our work, and in the presence of death reflect upon these things. We are unthinking beings, indeed, if we can look upon the face of a dead brother and not reflect upon our final accountability. May these memorial exercises aid each of us in being better men, better legislators, better patriots.

Among the earliest acquaintances which I made in an earlier Congress was our departed friend. I soon came to know him well, and as the years passed on and we were returned to our seats in the House time and again, the acquaintance ripened into friendship. During the last session we occupied residences in this city near to each other, and often met socially outside these walls. One of these meetings, and I shall always remember it well as the last we had, was in the hot, weary months of last summer, immediately preceding his departure to his district to engage in that contest for renomination which Death so suddenly finished.

He was in the prime of life, and apparently in the full vigor of yet early manhood, and when the message came that in a day, as it were, that vigor had departed, that life had gone out, it did not seem possible for the news to be true. Of the character of Mr. WALKER others have spoken; of his trials and triumphs his colleagues will bear witness. In the few words I shall utter I will only refer to those qualities which he exhibited to those who, like myself, knew him from contact with him in the discharge of daily duty.

He was a man of quiet demeanor. Amid exciting scenes he remained calm and collected. He did not often speak in the House, but when he did it was to the point and with words fitly chosen. He sought to convince by argument, not to anger with invective. He gave the impression of reserve force. He did not seem to exhaust himself, but in some way his hearers felt that if the occasion had demanded greater effort he could have risen to it.

In all his intercourse with his fellow-members he had the quiet, unassuming manner which marks the true gentleman. As a member of the House he was faithful; he was to be found in his seat, and his vote was rarely missing.

His work as a Representative is ended. In the midst of its cares he fell suddenly, and the cares that weary and the work that kills are his no more.

Kind hands at his own home have laid away, in their eternal rest, his mortal remains. Kind hearts there have borne eloquent tribute to his worth and manliness. It only remains for us, by the adoption of the pending resolution, to pay our honest tribute to his memory.

Whatever fate may have in store for each one of us, whether it be to attain to what the world would call places of higher distinction, or to retire to the more obscure, but equally honorable, position of the private American citi-

zen, we may well wish that when he who sooner or later comes to all shall claim us as his own, we may leave behind us among our friends and associates a sorrow as universal, as deeply sincere, as his associates in this House here and now feel because of the absence from their ranks of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER.

ADDRESS OF MR. FRANK OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The tributes paid to-day to the memory of Mr. WALKER by the gentlemen who have preceded me comprehend so much that I had intended saying, that I can only add a few observations.

My first meeting with Mr. WALKER was during the first session of the Fiftieth Congress, and as I recall it in the light of my subsequent well-established acquaintance with him as a colleague in my State delegation, I see most clearly those traits of his character which distinguished him. My appearance here at that time was as a contestant for the seat occupied by his Democratic colleague, Hon. John M. Glover. Inexperienced in legislative work, unfamiliar with procedure in contested-election cases, and new in this Chamber though he was, he extended to me the right hand of fellowship, cordially inviting me to a seat near at hand, and tendered me the benefit of his personal acquaintance with members on the floor.

Coming from a source like this, when other avenues of information from different sources ought to have been opened to me, I could not help but be impressed with the sincerity of his disposition, the broadness of his mind, and the fairness of his character. I learned to know him well during that Congress and this, and the impression made upon me

at this first meeting was strengthened every day of my intercourse with him.

The Fourteenth Congressional district of Missouri is a very difficult one to represent with satisfaction or credit. Stretching along the west bank of the great Mississippi for a distance of over 200 miles to the Arkansas line, it runs westwardly through a sparsely settled country to a distance of two-thirds the width of the State of Missouri, an area covered with rich farms, producing the cereals and fruits as well as cotton. The population is well sprinkled with colored people and many surviving veterans of the war.

Seventeen large counties, with diversified interests, demand representation through their Congressman in this House. Intricate questions affecting the title to land and Spanish grants; questions affecting the river front and its levees; claims for pension and private bills for relief are confided to his care. Not alone during the session of Congress, but throughout the Congressional term, did these matters receive the unflagging, patient, and constant attention of Mr. WALKER.

The toil and burden of a political canvass for nomination and election from this large area can scarcely be estimated, having a voting population scattered throughout its length and breadth of nearly 40,000. With the same careful consideration which he bestowed upon his work here, so well known to his colleagues, he aimed to reach his constituents and come in actual touch with them.

The fact so frequently chronicled in the memorial of a deceased public man, of college life and education, success and distinction at the bar and on the bench, must be omitted in the memorial of our departed friend. Without the advantages of education, without the benefits of social station,

amid the competition and contest for place, he rose from the ranks to the highest position in the gift of his people.

He despised all resort to unworthy arts and never stooped to them. His public services are not easily computed. He gave his constituents his undivided time and sought their approval by the quiet and conscientious performance of his duties.

Missouri has good cause to feel proud of her representation in the national legislative Halls since her participation in national legislation. The welfare of every State depends upon proper selection of her Representatives. I believe I do no injustice to any State when I claim for my own that she has had the services from the beginning of her sovereignty of as eminent men as this Hall has ever contained. They have not only come from the higher walks of life, from the pulpit and bar, and from other learned professions, but they have come equally well fitted for their work from the counting-room and from the farm, as did Mr. WALKER.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Moses Whybark, who was a candidate against Mr. WALKER in his last election, and who lives in a part of the district quite remote from Mr. WALKER's home, and it gives me great pleasure in quoting from it his tribute to the deceased:

> The early life of Mr. WALKER was spent on a farm and as clerk in a store. Afterwards he became a merchant. In these pursuits he learned the people; a knowledge valuable to a man of his ability.
>
> In his political contests he had but little to hope for from the politicians; hence his appeals were always made direct to the people, who were always devoted to him and stood by him.
>
> His private life was without blemish, and at the time of his death he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all classes in his district, and his nearest neighbors were his closest friends.
>
> His political career in this State, in my opinion, had just begun, and had he lived, in the course of a few years he would have taken a position in the front rank of his party in this State.

The Fourteenth Congressional district of the State of Missouri, as well as the State, can well feel proud of the services, the name, and the memory of our departed colleague.

JAMES P. WALKER was a good, God-fearing man. Unobtrusive and unostentatious, he won his way to the front and gained public confidence by the simplicity and sobriety of his conduct. He is gone; the good life he led was illumined by the faith which gives to the life beyond "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of Death
And love can never lose its own.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLAND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: Since I have been a member of the House of Representatives Missouri has been called upon to mourn the loss of four of her members of Congress. The first was Senator Bogy, who died during the interval between the Forty-fourth and the convening of the Forty-fifth Congress. The next was Mr. Lay, of Jefferson City, now a part of the district I have the honor to represent, who died at the National Hotel in this city during the Forty-sixth Congress. The next was Mr. Burnes, who was stricken with paralysis in the House while we were in session, and died the same night at Willard's Hotel in this city during the last session of the Fiftieth Congress. Now we are here to pronounce

eulogies on the life and character of our late colleague in this Congress, who died suddenly of congestion of the brain at Dexter, Missouri, last summer, while in active canvass for his renomination.

It is not claimed for Mr. WALKER that he was a brilliant man, but he was a young man of sound, good judgment, great industry, and unswerving fidelity to the interests of his constituents, and patriotically devoted to the prosperity of his country. He was possessed of all those qualities that, united with continued service here, would have made him one of the most useful and valuable members of this House. My acquaintance with him was when he came here as a member of the Fiftieth Congress. Since that time, and till his death, I was on very intimate terms of friendship with him. I admired his sincerity, his clear perception of duty, and the courage to perform it. He was, in every sense, an honest and faithful public servant. His district and State mourn his untimely death.

Mr. Speaker, the occasion now upon us is suggestive of the end of all our ambitions.

Mr. WALKER pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the life and character of James N. Burnes. Mr. Burnes was a man of great physical powers. He was not old, but was stricken in middle life and in all the appearances of stalwart manhood. Mr. WALKER was then among the youngest members of the House, and no one would have predicted that he would be the first of our delegation to follow Mr. Burnes to the country from whose bourn no traveler returns; yet during the following session of Congress Mr WALKER was summoned hence, almost as suddenly as the friend over whose untimely death he had so sincerely mourned.

But what difference whether we die young or old? Whether Death snatches the infant from its mother's breast

or waits till the harvest is ripe and the scythe of eternity mows us down at three-score and ten? The last moments compress a century into one brief struggle, and we die at last in our infancy.

The generations of the past that have perished from the earth, the generations to come thousands of years hence, must be reckoned as our contemporaries. All time is a part of the great beyond. All time is but a moment. Thousands of years are but as so many drops of water dipped from the exhaustless ocean of eternity—so many grains of sand laved by the boundless river of Death. The most we can strive for is to die as did our colleague, Mr. WALKER; to merit that best of all eulogies, he was an honest man, "the noblest work of God."

ADDRESS OF MR. WADE, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: After what has been said here to-day of our late colleague, Mr. WALKER, his life and his worth, there seems to be little left for me to say, and I rise merely to express my concurrence in what has been said and my high appreciation of my deceased colleague.

Mr. Speaker, in my opinion we are to-day discharging a duty twofold in character, namely, expressing our sorrow because of the death of our late colleague, and teaching the young men of this nation, both of to-day and the future, by what we say of him, that the road to honorable preferment, to high and distinguished position, is open to them; and that earnest effort directed by correct principles will guide them through all the changes in it to the attainment of these positions to which it is so laudable to aspire.

To the members of this House I need not say that when it was announced that JAMES P. WALKER was dead a feeling of sorrow pervaded this Chamber, for all remember it. We were sorrowful because a good man had been taken from the council of the nation and we had lost a friend whom we had learned to love because of his many good qualities both of head and heart.

Mr. Speaker, my colleague, Mr. WALKER, was not a great man in the sense of having done anything that attracted the attention of the whole country, but he was a man who in his own county and district, all circumstances considered, had no superior and few equals. Whatever he was, he owed nothing to fortune for it. Commencing life in Missouri poor and without friends, by his own exertions he placed himself at the head of his party in the district, and was one of the leading business men of his part of the State.

In his family he was all that man could be, in the church he was a leader both in theory and practice of its teachings, and wherever found was an honor to his church and a humble devoted follower of his Master.

In politics he was a partisan in the sense of doing all in his power for the advancement of the interest of his party. He believed in Democracy, in the principles which it represents, and having reached this conclusion, his convictions as to duty compelled him to earnestly and faithfully work for the advancement of the interest of that party. From the success he had achieved, occupying the position which he did, we can safely conclude that had he lived he was destined to occupy a position in his party that would have made him a conspicuous person not only in his State but in the nation.

His life has been such that, standing here in the Hall of the greatest legislative body on the earth, we can point to it,

and say to our own sons and to those of the other fathers in this nation, "The life of JAMES P. WALKER is an example you should follow."

Mr. Speaker, I know of no higher tribute I can pay my dead colleague than to say that his life was such, his acts so honorable, as to make both a fit example by which the lives of the young men of the nation might be modeled and their actions governed.

ADDRESS OF MR. STONE, OF MISSOURI.

Reverence God and do your duty! The sentence is prosaic, but it expresses all that is best in the philosophy of moral and practical life. Obtrusive piety is not conclusive proof nor the best proof of sanctity. The publican is sometimes better than the pharisee. God is, and is good. Who believes that, embraces the *summum bonum* of all creeds, and wears upon his heart the jewel of the purest faith. Omnipotence inspires a sense of dependence, but dependence which, while it imposes restraint, is without trepidation; for belief in the infinite goodness of God lifts the soul into contact with divinity, where the shadows are swept away by the flooding sunlight of filial confidence and devotion.

He stands upon the Rock of Ages who builds his moral and religious life on this simple faith. And in practical, everyday life man does his duty when, and only when, he does his best. Whatever his task, into whatever sphere he may be called, sovereign, imperious duty requires of every man that he shall gird himself with high resolve to do his utmost to lift the world up, to make it better, and to add what he can to the store of human happiness. The man who

measures his design in life by this ideal is worthy of all honor if he be true to himself.

> To thine own self be true,
> * * * * *
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

When I say, as I do with all my heart, that my dead friend whose public service we commemorate to-day, illustrated this simple but exalted philosophy to which I have made reference in all his relations to life, I have said everything that need be spoken even for the lamented dead by the partial lips of sincere affection, and have paid to him the proudest tribute which honest merit ever won from unobsequious homage. He had found a sure place in the affections of his colleagues. We loved him, and part from him with heavy hearts. It is pitiful to think of his going away. The sun, warm and bright, was pouring his flood of life and glory on field and laughing brook. On the air was the smell of roses and in the trees the song of birds, and all the world was beautiful when the darkness came—a quick, sudden, endless eclipse just before the noontide.

He fell in the full bloom of his manhood and in the flowering time of his fame, when hope, answering his heart-cry for still better things, like some sweet angel smiled in the blue sky of promise and pointing upward held in her outstretched hand a golden crown. It is pitiful and strange that this brave, honest, splendid, high-souled young man should be swept away when the world stands in such need of him and men like him. But God is, and is good.

Can it be, as Prespero said, that—

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep?

Death is a mighty mystery, but so is life.

Once a poet's love lay dead. He was a dreamer of great and beautiful dreams, and had woven many a sweet fancy into rhythmic verse. On his knee sat his little one gazing at the dead white face, her trusting child love throbbing about her wounded heart and melting in her eyes of blue. He said, "You do not know what it is, dear?" and added, "Nor do I."

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and still;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be.

ADDRESS OF MR. KINSEY, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The sudden and unexpected death of our late colleague and friend impressed me with peculiar sadness, and I remember well with what painful surprise the news was whispered about this Hall on that fateful day to him in last July.

He had gone home, like many others, to seek renomination, and while in the midst of an exciting political contest, and when success had again crowned his efforts, Death claimed him in his proud young manhood, and for a wreath of victory the white mantle of the grave was placed upon his brow instead.

To have thus gone when a high and honorable ambition had just been achieved, when life was fullest of all its blessings, when wife and friends in dumb sorrow and with outstretched hands beckoned him back, seems strange indeed,

and we turn again from the impenetrable veil of the hereafter with the mystery of death unsolved, with the question which humanity in all ages has sought to know unanswered.

Happily Mr. WALKER did not fear, though he did not know, the journey upon which he entered. I am told he was a devout Christian, and, with an abiding faith in the mercy and goodness of God, placed his in the Eternal hand, willing to be led.

My acquaintance and intercourse with him began with this Congress, and was confined to the discharge of public duties. Our districts adjoined, and, being of different political faiths, it has so happened that there have been few appointments made in his district during the present Administration with which I have not had something to do. I have thus been brought in contact with his people, with every opportunity to know all that partisan opposition might suggest against him.

It affords me pleasure to testify upon this occasion that, while JAMES P. WALKER was true to his political principles and to his political friends, and although partisanship in the district which he lately represented is intense upon both sides, I have yet to hear aught said against him as an honorable gentleman and a true man.

I know that in the discharge of public duty he was actuated by high and patriotic motives, and that the honor and welfare of his people were safely intrusted to his hands.

He accorded in a remarkable degree the right of his successful political adversaries to a full and complete control of the administration of affairs, freely conceding what he would no doubt have claimed for himself under other circumstances.

Mr. WALKER'S political convictions were of that rugged character which led him apparently to disdain all alliance

with the opposition having for its object his mere personal advancement, preferring rather to stand or fall with the principles of his party.

In personal intercourse he was most courteous and kind, above reproach in private life, and possessed of ability and character which contained the promise of a long and useful public career.

Mr. Speaker, it is with sad pleasure I join in paying this tribute to the memory of our departed friend, and in according to him in death that meed of praise which in both private and public life he so justly earned.

ADDRESS OF MR. HEARD, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The custom in accordance with which we are to-day assembled is appropriately and worthily observed only when the surviving associates of the one whose virtues are to be commemorated in a spirit of candor and truth record their testimony to his worth. It is with feelings of sincere sadness that I come on this occasion to pay humble tribute to the memory of my dead colleague and friend. But the burden of the duty is made lighter by the consciousness that it can best be discharged by simple, truthful reference to the character of him in whose honor I would speak.

My acquaintance with Mr. WALKER began several years prior to his entering this House, and when I knew him as the youngest but one of the most valued members of the State executive committee of the political party which subsequently honored him with a seat in this body. The responsibilities imposed by that position were met in the same conscientious, quiet, modest, but effective manner that characterized the discharge of his duties here.

Cautious without timidity, bold without recklessness, fruitful of resource, and patient and untiring in labor, he was a wise counselor and a safe leader. In that, his first important political position, his force of conduct and the demonstrated excellence of his judgment marked him as a man of promise in his party and State.

When by the suffrages of a large and populous district he was elected to a seat in this body he soon impressed his associates here with the fact that, even with his youth, he brought great ripeness of judgment, and that while he was properly deferential to the views of those more experienced in the labors of legislation, yet when, after investigation, he had matured his convictions, there was no power on earth that could swerve him from the direction they indicated.

There were never united in one nature more absolute respect for the opinions of others with more perfect devotion to his own belief in all matters of conscience; and all matters of duty were matters of conscience with him. Quiet and unobtrusive in his manners and companionable in his disposition, he was approachable to all; but while cordially responsive to all proper advances, there was yet a silent dignity in his manner which discouraged familiarity, and while always cheerful, he was never frivolous.

As a Representative of his people he was untiring in his efforts and faithful to every obligation. As a member on this floor he impressed all who came in contact with him that the frankness of his manner was the natural reflection of his honest nature, and no man hesitated to accept his word or permitted himself to question the purpose it disclosed.

Kind in expression, yet free from the weakness of flattery, he was candid to the measure of perfection, hated dissimulation, and despised all manner of dishonesty.

To those of us who had opportunity for observing his course here, it was not strange that he possessed great

strength with the people among whom he lived. His career, though brief, was quite a successful, and in some respects a remarkable, one.

Being engaged in mercantile pursuits, and without legal or other professional training, he entered his first contest for Congressional nomination in a district composed of seventeen counties, filled with an intelligent and independent people; and although the honor was contested by competitors of decided ability, some of whom had the advantage of much legislative experience and recognized claims for distinguished public service, even with such odds against him, such was the popularity of Mr. WALKER with all elements of his party and all classes of its voters, that he easily won there the right to the seat which subsequently he so worthily filled in this House.

In his next and last contest for similar honors he met a still more able and distinguished competition; and while he fell in the midst of the hot conflict for honorable supremacy and before its results could be known, it is no disparagement to the honorable gentlemen then opposing him to say that had he lived to see its termination he had good ground for hope that to his honest and unstained hand would again have been committed the colors of his party, which in life he had always borne to triumphant success and in death relinquished without reproach or dishonor. Of this modest, manly Representative it is not too much to say that he made a record for work achieved for his district that no predecessor had in the same length of time ever surpassed.

His legislative methods were in every sense characteristic of the man—plain, direct, and without concealment—relying on truthful, honest reasoning to support only what he believed to be reasonable and just demands for his district and State; and his success in winning support for his measures

came in no small degree from the unlimited confidence entertained by the committees of Congress and by his colleagues on this floor in the perfect fairness with which he presented every argument and the absolute fidelity to truth of his every statement of fact.

In the death of this excellent Representative and honest citizen his district and State have suffered a severe loss.

The people whom he represented had good material from which to select his successor, and I am proud to say that in making such selection they have acted wisely and well; but even in the possession of other citizens qualified to worthily represent their district here no community or State is rich enough in the number and quality of its men to suffer the loss of such a one as this without feeling it to be an affliction.

I leave to others better informed upon that subject to speak in detail of his domestic affairs, pausing only to say to the devoted wife—whose loss is irreparable, and of whom it is only just mention to say she was as worthy of as happy in his love—that whatever other legacy she may have received from him, he has enriched her with a name that will forever stand as the synonym for honesty, purity of character, and fidelity to trust in the annals of his district, State, and nation, and a memory not only inexpressibly dear to her, but rich in comfort to his friends.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: "Judged by all fair standards, his life was a well-rounded success." These were words uttered but a few months since by JAMES P. WALKER when the body of his colleague, Judge Burnes, had been borne from this Chamber stricken by the shaft of the unerring archer. Who that then looked upon the speaker, in the vigor of health and in

the strength of young manhood, dreamed that the same relentless foe, with bow already bent and fatal arrow winged, was looking for him but a little farther down the road? And we who come to-day with our words of eulogy and of sorrow miss one consolation, in that we can not take up his own language and say of him too that, "judged by all fair standards, his life was a well-rounded success."

In the precious roll of its dead which this House so tenderly and carefully preserves the career of JAMES P. WALKER must be forever typified by the broken shaft. If he came not into the vineyard at the eleventh hour, neither had he reached the burden and heat of the day when his work suddenly ended and he departed from among the toilers. We who remain can only judge how faithfully he would have done the full day's task by knowing how well and faithfully he wrought through the morning's early hour; and what more can be asked of any man?

Our times are not in our own hands, and He who gave the work called off the worker. To live well it is not necessary to live long. Mr. WALKER was among the youngest of our number when he ceased to be of that number, but he was older in years than James Madison was when he did the work that gained for him the name of "Father of the Constitution;" older in years than was Alexander Hamilton when he administered with such signal ability the difficult finances of our infant Government; older in years than was Henry Clay when he presided over this House with the applause of all his countrymen.

But who is to be measured with these great statesmen? We show our sincere respect for our deceased brother only when we recall him as he really was; only when we claim for him what he himself would wish us to claim could he inspire our tongues in these memorial services.

Of Mr. WALKER we may say, in the sober and measured speech of honest tribute, that to all the manifold grave and difficult duties of his office he brought integrity of motive, earnestness of purpose, intelligent judgment, and steady industry.

These are the only qualities that a constituency can ask of any Representative. Great power in debate, great leadership in public or party counsels give to such qualities national fame and influence, but the qualities alone are a complete equipment for public as for private duties.

It is no strained eulogy that claims them for our friend; it is no partial and undiscerning testimony that bears witness to their unobtrusive but constant exhibition during his service in this House, set off by the graces of a kindly disposition and the virtues of a blameless and winning private character.

The death of such a man, before he had reached life's prime, was a loss to his country, to his State, and to his friends. But, after all, Mr. Speaker, do we err greatly if, recurring once again to his own words, we venture to claim for him that in its summing up no sudden and premature ending could rob his life of its true success? And may we not apply to him these noble and familiar lines of Ben Jonson:

> It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk doth make man better be;
> Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
> To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
> In small proportion we just beauties see,
> And in short measures life may perfect be.

ADDRESS OF MR. NIEDRINGHAUS, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: Mr. WALKER, our worthy and honored colleague, is no more. He died at his post, pursuing his course of duty as a public servant. It was not his choice to follow a public career, as it was against both his tastes and interests, but there was some unseen power and influence that bade him follow the call and choice of his people, who selected him from among the many as worthy to bear their message and voice their will in the Congress of the United States.

It was early in life when Mr. WALKER left the scenes of his childhood in eastern Tennessee and cast his lot with the people of southeastern Missouri, where he lived, loved, was loved, and prospered. He was advanced to the most honored position within the gift of the people of his district, and yet comparatively so young.

Mr. WALKER had a most noble character, unassuming, honest, candid, and affectionate. I happen to know something about this, as he was one of the first to greet me as a new member on this floor, and quite an intimate relationship sprang up between us, although of different political creeds; but while excitement on this floor may run high, the discussion and debate become heated, the differences in opinion clash in apparent bitter antagonism, away down deep in the hearts of the Representatives there is unity of aim and purpose, and we reach forth and grasp each others' hands in true friendship and brotherly love.

This, Mr. Speaker and colleagues, is the redeeming feature in American politics, hardly shared by any other people. Democrat and Republican can sit down, intrusting or disclosing to one another for mutual consolation the strife

and trouble which they encounter as public servants. Thank the Lord for this scope of affection, sympathy, and love, so human and yet divine.

Mr. WALKER had the welfare of his people at heart. I remember how he represented their wants before the River and Harbor Committee, and how he pleaded for their rights. Before he left for home to attend to some political affairs, or to settle some difficulties that had arisen in his district, he made it my duty to see that the claims of his people were properly recognized, and I am glad to say that the committee granted his request. His family may point with pride to some visible results due to the personal efforts of husband and father.

Mr. WALKER was not one of the strongest of men physically, and the strain upon a man in public life is very severe. It is not only the antagonism of the opposing party, but discontent, rivalry, and opposition in his own ranks that tax the nervous system to the fullest extent, and under this strain Mr. WALKER finally succumbed. Before his work in his district was done he returned to his home in the modest town of Dexter a sick and care-worn man. No doubt everything possible was done for him, but in spite of all efforts, surrounded by his family and friends, under the devoted care of a loving wife, who nursed the spark of life, slowly but surely the candle of life burned to its very socket, and the spirit of husband and friend took its eternal flight.

A sad and impressive day it was when the remains of JAMES P. WALKER were carried and followed to the grave; pitiful it was to behold the parting pain of the wife, who sank her all below where now the earth is heaped; and the multitude dispersed. The family also retrace their steps; but this time the wife enters her home alone. What a change! What desolation! No word of love, of cheer, she hears. She gives

full vent to her feeling when shut in from public gaze. Verily, a sad scene; all her hopes blasted and happiness forever gone; but, as the bosom of the wife heaves high with pain as though her heart would break, the Spirit of God whispered to her words of love and consolation: "Fear not, for I am with thee, even unto the end of the world," and a kind of heavenly rest comes over her as she lends an open ear to this and other gentle assurances of the Son of Man. Peace and hope return to her, and soon she passes into sound and gentle rest, and the guardian angel spreads his soothing wings over her, in the sight of which all human passions vanish like dew before the morning sun. The heart utters a silent prayer: "I long to be like Thee; I long to sin no more."

As I walked this morning along the corridors and through Statuary Hall, viewing the great characters of the nation as they are memorized on canvas and in marble, I wondered whether the name of WALKER would appear. I fear that, as in the case of many of us, it will soon pass from the memory of the people; but there is one tender soul where a monument is erected to his memory. I imagine that while she may for pastime and relief cultivate lovely flowers in her room, one plant receives her special attention. We will not ask for any explanation, but wait.

When the winter days are over, on the first fine spring morning, she takes her little treasure and makes her way to yonder grove. She plants it in the little mound that holds her all, bedewing the little plant, the "forget-me-not," with her gentle tears. She lives her life over once more; when first they met as friends, courtship, marriage, and happy family life; all passes like a panorama before her vision. As we draw near we hear a heart-melting wail, such as only woman can deliver, as she offers herself anew to him to whom she gave her hand, her heart, her all in life.

We leave the scene, and as we cast our last glance—"Rest," we will say; "rest, JAMES P. WALKER, until the end of time, until the resurrection morn, when God shall create all things anew, and when we, too, shall reappear in the multitude to join in the shout of joy and praise to Him who created and to Him who redeemed us, and crown Him 'Lord of all.'"

ADDRESS OF MR. MANSUR, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: Again Missouri is called upon to mourn the loss of one of her truest sons. JAMES P. WALKER, late a Representative in this body from the Fourteenth district of that State, died at his home on the 19th day of July, 1890. Coming so soon after the death of his colleague, Hon. James N. Burnes, also elected to this term of Congress, intensifies his loss to our home people.

To lose two members, elected to serve at the same session of Congress, constitutes an affliction not often visited upon a sovereign State of this Union. His death is but another illustration of the truth of the scripture, that "In the midst of life we are in death."

Little did his colleagues reck when at the call of duty in this field of honor he came hurriedly from an arduous canvass to remain a day and cast his vote against the Federal election bill, and, that duty performed, bade us goodby to return to a personal canvass involving his reëlection, that he was bidding us good by forever. Sad, indeed, that one so prosperous in every sense, so full of honors for his years, with other honors still in wait, bidding him onward and upward, should be stricken in comparative youth, health, and vigor,

so that, save in loving memories, his family, friends, State, and country shall know him no more forever.

My acquaintance with him began with the Fiftieth Congress. The fact that we two were the only new Democratic members in that term in the delegation from Missouri naturally in the first instance drew us together, when personal contact day by day brought into full vision his many true and loving characteristics as a manly man, and ripened our intimacy before his death into close personal friendship.

He was singularly modest, yet not more so than firm in his convictions of duty. Moral and upright in every respect, he never trifled with duty as he saw it, or with his convictions of right.

A staunch party man upon all fundamental principles of party doctrine, yet touch his moral sense, or arouse his conscience, and party discipline had no terrors for him. Based upon immutable principles of right or wrong, he knew no compromise and condoned no political outrage or legislative fraud, come from what quarter they would or championed by what party soever it might be.

He loved his State, he believed in his party, he honored his friends. In all the relations of life he was a model man, a splendid citizen, and an honest Representative of the people in Congress.

There was a humorous side to his character, but few of his colleagues on this floor are perhaps aware of. After our intimacy ripened into friendship, which gradually made friends of our wives as well, we were in the habit of visiting each other and spending evenings in social converse. Here, unbending from the stern duties of political life, thawing out by genial surroundings, he became most companionable and full of humor, not racy or rancid, but suggestive of the comical, pure in spirit, well adapted to a family circle,

showing that he was a close observer, quick to see the humorous and ridiculous in word or act, ready to turn the same to advantage, and able to clothe his thoughts in such language, aided by a nod, a wink, or grimace, as made him a most charming companion indeed. On such occasions he was the soul of our little circle, and it was always with regret I knew the hour had come for us to part.

Beneath the green sod of southeastern Missouri, where zephyr winds sing a mournful yet pleasant symphony as they float amid the umbrageous shade overhead, his body lies forever, moldering in the dust. Liveliest memories of all that is good and honorable will be ever cherished by those who knew JAMES P. WALKER, the genial gentleman, model citizen, true friend, honest Representative, and adoring husband.

ADDRESS OF MR. STOCKBRIDGE, OF MARYLAND.

MR. SPEAKER: Throughout the universe the law of contrast reigns supreme. It is by the shadow, by the darkness alone, that we are enabled to enjoy and appreciate the light. It is but by the bitter that we know the sweet. It is therefore meet and fitting that we should pause in the heat of political strife to pay a tribute to the memory of one who was associated with us here. It was given to but few to know intimately the family relations of the late JAMES P. WALKER. That has been testified here to-day in no uncertain tones by those who enjoyed the privilege.

My own acquaintance with Mr. WALKER was only during this Congress. It was my fortune to be associated with him upon one of the important committees of this House, and there I learned to know him as a clear thinker, a cour-

ageous man, a faithful student, and an earnest advocate of that which he believed to be right and for the benefit of the whole country. As the soldier meets no more honored or fitting death than in the heat of battle, so the departed could have no higher fortune than to have passed away even while engaged in the active labors of political contest.

To those of us who knew him upon this floor in the work that devolves upon the Representatives gathered in this Capitol of the nation he has been known not, it may be, as a great man, but as a man faithful early and late to those with whose interests he was intrusted, faithful always to principle, whatever opposition he might encounter. It is not given to many men to make a lasting imprint upon their nation or their time.

But few rise to eminence either in professional life, in politics, in the arts, or in arms, or leave a name to go echoing down the ages; but each one, by the influence he exerts upon his fellow-men, upon those with whom he is brought in contact, not merely within this Hall, but upon the broader fields of life wherever he may be, can impart a spirit which will make itself felt long after he shall have passed away, and even those with whom he has been associated. As was said by one of the poets of England—

> Between two worlds life hovers like a star
> 'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge.
> How little do we know that which we are,
> How less what we may be; the eternal surge
> Of time and tide rolls on and bears afar our bubbles;
> As the old burst new emerge lashed from the foam of ages,
> While the graves of empires heave but as some passing wave.

But though the individual must pass away, and even his name may be forgotten, he can send, and I believe our late friend has sent, forth an influence which shall go on swelling and swelling, not merely in his district, but in his State

and among all those who are brought in contact with it, and which will make his name honored, loved, and revered, so that many a man hereafter, when he tells the truth that wells up within his heart, will say, "I am a better and nobler man for the influence shed upon my life by JAMES P. WALKER;" and no worthier crown could be sought or could be attained by anyone.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILSON, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The names of my immediate predecessors, James Nelson Burnes and JAMES PETER WALKER, appear in the list of those elected from Missouri to the present Congress. The former was the oldest, the latter the youngest, of the delegation. At that time Mr. Burnes appeared to be in the very maturity of all his splendid powers, both of body as well as of intellect. His unusually robust person was suggestive of the greatest physical endurance and his whole appearance indicated the strongest hold upon life.

Mr. WALKER was in the full flush of vigorous young manhood; his sinewy and graceful person, the brightness of his eye, the springing step, and the bloom of perfect health upon his cheek, all warranted his loving little family and more than legion of friends in believing that his days of usefulness would continue and his life be prolonged to the age of man allotted by the Psalmist. A close friendship existed between Judge Burnes and Mr. WALKER. The younger sat at the feet of the elder and the stronger man, and partook freely from the varied and well-filled storehouse of his greater experience in public affairs.

But how inscrutable are the ways of the Giver of all life! On the 23d day of February, 1889, the same sad ceremonies

we are now observing, and which have been so often repeated here, were being held to commemorate the life and public character of the latter, who had without apparent warning been stricken down in all the plenitude of his great powers within the very portals of the Capitol; and among the bright garlands intertwined with gems of richest tribute that were interwoven here to his memory none was more tenderly wrought or more fragrant with the perfume of a warm, generous heart, none fashioned in greater sincerity, than that of JAMES P. WALKER.

Little did he then think—little did his colleagues and his friends, little did those stricken ones whose hearts now bleed and who most did love him—that he was so soon to follow his mentor and his friend to the undiscovered country. With but brief warning again did Azrael, the angel of death, ever impatient, revisit the Missouri delegation and beckon away its Benjamin to those peaceful shades unknown to the living.

Mr. Speaker, though the breadth of our great State separates our homes, his being in the southeastern and mine in the northwestern portion of Missouri, yet I knew him well, and I loved this modest, pure-hearted man. He told me without reserve the story of his life. He told me how, when but a boy, he left the good old State of Tennessee and crossed the Mississippi in search of fame and fortune, and without aid save from his own indomitable energy and sturdy purpose.

Among the brave and generous people of the southwestern portion of my State he appeared as a stripling stranger and bravely began the battle of life. No gladiator contending at the Olympic games ever struggled more heroically for the prizes of life than did young WALKER.

Embarking at an early age in trade, he pursued with enthusiasm the rich commerce of that broad river which De Soto discovered and in which his heart is entombed.

Industrious, energetic, enterprising, self-reliant, frugal, and worshiping honesty as his star, success was inevitable. He soon attracted to himself the confidence of the community in which he lived, and was not only successful in business, but laid deep the foundation of a career of great future usefulness to himself, his family, and to his adopted State.

Having acquired a modest competence, and feeling the spirit of a laudable ambition stirring within him, he became a candidate for the Fiftieth Congress, and though opposed for the honors of his party by an array of unusually bright men, he was nominated and elected. He was reëlected to the present Congress without serious opposition.

His untimely death was doubtless hastened by the sense of duty he deemed due to his constituents and the people of his State. Having obtained leave of absence, he had gone to his district to again contest for the honor of its representation upon this floor. During the fierce heat of an exceedingly animated contest he was notified of the near approach of the hour for the final vote upon a measure the defeat of which was deemed by his constituents as vital to the prosperity of his State and of his country.

Though thoroughly worn down by the tremendous strain imposed upon him by the exactions of his canvass, instead of following the dictates of prudence and seeking in the quiet of his home recuperation from his exhausting labor he promptly started for the Capitol, and on his arrival, having cast his vote, with characteristic energy returned to the civic strife in which he was then engaged. But there is a limit to human endurance even to the young athlete; overtaxed nature demanded of him the penalty of its violated laws, for soon after his return to his district he was stricken down upon the sands of that shoreless sea which, without

sun or horizon, rolls its dark waters between time and eternity.

Mr. WALKER was of singular purity of character. His daily intercourse with the world was that of an upright, chaste-hearted, conscientious, Christian gentleman. Blameless in his private life, the record he has made here attests, in language more eloquent and impressive than any words I can employ, his great worth as a public servant, and here, without spot or blemish, shall it endure as long as the archives of this Government shall be preserved, a consolation to those who most loved him and a source of pride to his State.

As I stand here in this august presence, bearing a humble part in these sad ceremonies, I am forcibly reminded not only of their frequent repetition since the meeting of this Congress, but in connection with them the absolute hollowness and vanity of that which the world calls fame. The memorable words of Horace Greeley recur to me—so full of the pith of human wisdom: "Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion."

No man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day may curse to-morrow. Public honors are but too often the symbols of patient mediocrity, and what the world terms statesmanship is often the mere outward sign of servile obedience to the masters and bosses of party. Upon an occasion like this how worthless and fleeting seem worldly honors and the applause of men, being forcibly reminded as we are that there is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next, and in that brief interval of painful and awful suspense that we are powerless and He all-powerful, and the last pulsation here is but the prelude to endless life hereafter.

When our good and our loved ones die the memory of their

just deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sweet and sad, that we would not if we could dispel the darkness that environs it.

I now close this brief though sincere and heartfelt tribute to the memory of my dead friend.

He was a model in all the tender relations of domestic life. As a friend he was loyal and true, and he died as he had lived, a devoted patriot, an able and faithful servant of the people, and a Christian gentleman. To join that pale procession which endless moves to that land of shadows to which our colleague has gone we too are moving. Nothing remains the same for a day. Change is written upon everything. In the "mellow rythm" of the grand master—

Life's shores are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year;
But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

ADDRESS OF MR. MORRILL, OF KANSAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: It seems fitting that we should turn from the active duties of the hour and pause during the all-absorbing cares of public life to pay a tribute of respect to one who honored us by his presence and won our respect and admiration by his pure and noble life. When the announcement was made that the summons, which sooner or later must come to us all, had called from our midst our friend and co-worker JAMES P. WALKER, it brought with it a shock inexpressibly sad, as he had left us a few short days before apparently in perfect health and in the full vigor of manhood.

I recall vividly the morning that he bade me goodby, full of life and hope, announcing that he was about to return to his Western home to engage in a contest for a renomination for the position he had so faithfully filled. Of his early life I shall not attempt to speak, as my acquaintance with him commenced with the beginning of the Fiftieth Congress. Others who knew him longer and more intimately have already discharged that duty with loving care in appropriate and eloquent language. When the committees of that Congress were announced my friend was assigned to a position on that of Invalid Pensions, and in that committee I met for the first time one who afterwards won my respect and confidence.

The acquaintance thus formed developed into a sincere and true friendship, which lasted until the summons came which called him from earth. The intimate relations following that friendship were never disturbed, and my respect and attachment for him increasd as I became more thoroughly

acquainted with him and learned his true worth. He was singularly unostentations and unassuming. Possessed of a strong mind, always clearly seeing his duty, he never hesitated to discharge it with fidelity. He seemed actuated by the single purpose to do in all things what his clear conscience and good judgment dictated to him to be right.

I often had occasion to be grateful to him for a kind word of appreciation in the discharge of the arduous duties which devolved upon us in our committee. Representing a district which contained but a small portion of the Union soldier element, himself too young to participate in the stirring events of the late war, he was singularly free from the animosities and prejudices engendered in that unhappy strife. Liberal in his views as to the obligations of the nation to those who had periled their lives in its defense, clear and discriminating in his judgment, he was ever ready to do full justice to the soldier.

Always frank and candid, he was utterly free from even the appearance of demagogy. He hated shams and despised pretensions. He may have had faults, for who has not? There has never been but one perfect life on earth, and weakness and frailty are the common heritage of men. But I am happy to say that whatever his faults may have been I never discovered them. To me he was a pure, true, noble man, and a sincere and devoted friend. But the warm heart that won our friendship and esteem has ceased to beat. The open hand whose hearty grasp gave expression to the warmth of his generous heart is cold and pulseless. The speaking eye, revealing the purity of the soul within, is dull and expressionless.

"The silver cord is loosened: the golden bowl is broken, the dust has returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it." He is at rest. The fierce conflicts

of life, the sorrows and disappointments, the pains and the trials which fall to us all, will disturb him no longer. But he is not dead—

> There is no death! What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call death.

In that fairer land beyond the river he still lives, and will live forever.

Mr FRANK. Mr. Speaker——

Mr. WILSON of Missouri. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

Mr. FRANK. Pending that, I wish to say that it has come to my notice that a number of members who would like to pay tribute to the memory of the late Representative WALKER are unavoidably absent, and I ask unanimous consent that any gentlemen who desire to print remarks upon this subject may have that privilege.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Dockery). Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Frank]? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

The resolutions were then agreed to.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JULY 21, 1890.

Mr. COCKRELL. I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives communicating intelligence of the death of my colleague in the House be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the following resolutions from the House of Representatives; which were read:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *July* 21, 1890.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That a select committee, consisting of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral, and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying into effect the provisions of this resolution.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate; and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

Mr. COCKRELL. I ask for the present consideration of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That the Senate concur in the resolution of the House of Representatives providing for the appointment of a committee to attend the funeral of the deceased, and that the committee on the part of the Senate, to consist of three Senators, be appointed by the Presiding Officer.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate the foregoing resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair announces as the committee on the part of the Senate the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Vest], the Senator from Kansas [Mr. Plumb], and the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Berry].

Mr. COCKRELL. I offer the following resolution, and ask for its present consideration:

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to unanimously; and (at 3 o'clock and 53 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, July 22, at 12 o'clock m.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 10, 1891.

Mr. COCKRELL. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions of the House of Representatives relating to the death of my late colleague from Missouri in that body be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret of the death of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, in order that the faithful public services, as well as the personal virtues and worth, of the deceased may be fittingly commemorated.

Resolved, That as an additional tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased the House shall, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. COCKRELL. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions offered by the Senator from Missouri will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. COCKRELL, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. PRESIDENT: During my service in the Senate four members of Congress from the State of Missouri have been summoned by the messenger of death from their labors here to the labors of the life immortal.

Senator Louis V. Bogy died in 1877 whilst a member of this body; Hon. Alfred Lay, of Jefferson City, Mo., died whilst a Representative in the Forty-sixth Congress; and Hon. James N. Burnes, of St. Joseph, Mo., was stricken on the floor of the House of Representatives with paralysis and died during the Fiftieth Congress; Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, of Dexter, Mo., at 2 o'clock on Saturday evening, July 19, 1890, during the present Congress, died at his home in Missouri. To-day we turn from the rushing, pressing labors of this short session to pay our last sad tribute of respect, honor, and love to his memory.

Mr. WALKER was born in Lauderdale County, in the State of Tennessee, on March 14, 1851. His early opportunities for education were limited. He received excellent home instruction, and for thirteen months attended the "Boys' College" at Durhamville, Tenn., near his home; and although compelled to abandon school and the regular pursuit of his studies after his fourteenth year, he ever retained a great fondness for learning and for the acquisition of practical useful information and literary attainments, and availed himself of every opportunity for improvement during his life. At the age of fourteen he secured employment in a country store in Tennessee, and by close application and rigid economy assisted in supporting his widowed mother and younger sisters.

In 1867 he removed with his mother and sisters to Kennett, in Dunklin County, Mo., and soon thereafter became associated with his brother-in-law, Mr. W. S. Suggs, in the dry goods business, and continued therein for nearly four years. In 1871 he located at Point Pleasant, in New Madrid County, and became the part owner of a large wharf boat. By a floe of ice in the Mississippi River the boat was sunk, and he was left without any financial means or employment.

With his mother and young sisters almost wholly dependent upon him for support he had ample grounds for despondency, and yet he never thought of it; and in this severe loss to him he exhibited that steadfast hopefulness and self-reliance—characteristics which enabled him always to look to the bright side of life and to see the silver lining beneath every dark cloud, and to battle with and surmount every disappointment and reverse in life.

Seeking opportunities to repair his losses, he found employment as a carpenter and builder, and for some months worked with energy, method, and skill, when he was offered a position in the mercantile firm of Siesel Bros., which he accepted, and remained in the business for about two years. He was then sent, although only twenty-four years old, to Dexter, in Stoddard County, to help establish a branch house, which was successfully done. On May 12, 1875, he married Miss Eva M. Bragg, daughter of Capt. W. G. Bragg, of Kennett, Mo., a most estimable lady and devoted wife, who survives him.

In the fall of 1876 he and Mr. W. F. Shelton entered upon the dry-goods business at Dexter, and continued therein for six years, when they changed their business to that of buying and selling grain. He continued in this in connection with farming.

He always took an active interest in political affairs; was

a member of the State Democratic committee from his district and a delegate to the Cincinnati national Democratic convention of 1880. In 1884 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Representative in Congress, and was defeated by Hon. William Dawson after a prolonged contest.

In 1886 he was again a candidate, and received the nomination and was elected to the Fiftieth Congress. In 1888 he was renominated without opposition and elected to the Fifty-first Congress.

At the time of the attack of his fatal illness he was in the midst of an exciting contest for renomination, and within the preceding six weeks had made three trips from Washington to his home and two trips to Washington in the excessively hot weather of that season, never stopping for rest. The labor, fatigue, and strain, mental and physical, were overexhausting, and doubtless precipitated the fatal illness. On Monday morning, July 14, 1890, he expressed himself as being much fatigued, but cheerfully left his home for the canvass.

He was attacked with a chill that evening, but continued his journey that night, and becoming worse, returned from New Madrid County to Malden, and remained there till Thursday, hoping to recover. Not improving, he returned to Dexter, his home, on Thursday morning and went to bed. Physicians were summoned, and everything that medical skill and a devoted wife and loving friends could do was done without avail. He could not realize that his illness was fatal, and as long as conscious was hopeful of recovery, but his hopefulness and strong will could not overcome the messenger of death, and he passed peacefully and quietly from his earthly life to the life immortal.

I had known Mr. WALKER personally and intimately for

many years. He had been my constant personal and political friend, whom I loved and honored, and in whose noble life and success I felt a lively personal interest. The more I saw and knew of him the more warmly I loved and honored him for his many noble traits. I will not indulge in what might be construed to be fulsome adulation. I will speak of him as he actually was. He was in its truest and fullest sense a "born gentleman."

He was conscientiously and thoroughly honest, honorable, and candid in all his dealings and transactions with his fellow-men, personally, financially, and politically.

As a son, he was tender, dutiful, and loving to his aged and now stricken mother, laboring and toiling, in adversity as well as prosperity, to support, comfort, and cheer her and his sisters. As a husband, he was most exemplary—faithful, loving, and tenderly devoted to his noble and worthy companion in life.

In business life he was earnest, energetic, industrious, reliable, punctual, and always cheerful, hopeful, and pleasant. He met adversity with fortitude and hopefulness, never yielding to gloom or despondency, and by persistent and intelligent effort and cheerful self-reliance overcame every obstacle, and gained and held the unshaken confidence and trust of all who knew him and had business transactions with him.

He was elected a Representative in Congress without having had any experience in legislative bodies. In the discharge of the responsible duties of a Representative in Congress he manifested the same noble traits of character which had won for him the respect and confidence of the people of his district. He was punctual, laborious, and intelligent in discharging his duties on committees and on the floor of the House, and justly won the respect and con-

fidence of his associates. He was honest and incorruptible as a legislator, and no breath of suspicion ever tainted any act or word done or spoken by him in committee or in the House. He was faithful and devoted to the interests of all his constituents, of his State, and of the whole country.

Above and beyond all the many noble characteristics of Mr. WALKER, he was a humble, earnest, and faithful Christian. When a boy he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church South in Tennessee, and after locating permanently in Dexter, Mo., united in 1877 with the congregation of that church at that place.

He loved his church and gave liberally of his means for its support and its institutions quietly and unostentatiously.

He was emphatically and truly the architect of his own fortune, a self-made man. He was not ashamed or afraid to labor and toil manually as well as mentally, and intelligently appreciated the true dignity of labor, and that all honest labor is honorable and praiseworthy.

His life-work and achievements are bright and encouraging illustrations to the struggling young men of our great country of the possible attainments before them.

He has left to posterity a pattern to imitate and not an example to deter.

Mr. President, I ask permission to have printed with this last tribute to my dead friend some resolutions adopted by the citizens of his home town and an address delivered before the Congressional convention for whose nomination he was contesting by Hon. J. J. Russell, of Mississippi County, Mo.

CITIZENS' MEETING.

At a meeting of the citizens of Dexter, held at the Stoddard County Bank at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, a committee appointed for that purpose presented the following in memoriam of Hon. JAMES P. WALKER, which was unanimously adopted:

"IN MEMORIAM.

"Again amid the turmoils, the battles, and the contentions of life that sublime mystery—the mystery of the ages—grim Death, passes over the land, his chilly breath is wafted upon the breeze, and our chief citizen receives the blighting touch, and passes over into the unseen. And now, filled with awe at the awful majesty of Death, we, the neighbors, friends, and fellow-citizens of JAMES P. WALKER, meet around his untimely grave, and with genuine and unfeigned sorrow pluck a few flowers from his useful life to lay them at his tomb.

The life of JAMES P. WALKER is a fit commentary on our Government and its possibilities in developing men; and in the purity of his character, in the determination of purpose, in his fidelity to every duty, every trust, every friend, his example is commended to the youth of our land.

Without the allurements of wealth or the training of the college, without friends in high places to lift him up, he rose by the strength of his own manhood, the energy of his own purpose, and the moral rectitude of his own life to the highest political honors. Twice called to represent his people in the Halls of Congress, he was still one of the people, loved and honored by them, ever faithful to the trust reposed in him. And it affords us double pleasure to say that in an age of venal and corrupt politics he ever kept his heart pure and his hands clean, and the breath of suspicion never touched his fair name.

But with all the political honors which he wore so worthily he shone out still more nobly as a plain honest citizen, a pure devoted husband, a loving son, a faithful brother, and a sincere and earnest Christian.

On behalf of the people of Stoddard County we extend to the stricken wife, his venerable mother, his loving friends, our warm-hearted sympathy. In all things he was a man. May the recollection of his many virtues fall as a benediction upon grieving friends and sorrowing countrymen. And may his example stimulate to higher efforts and nobler achievements the youth of our land.

As a further mark of our esteem we request that this memorial be published by the newpapers of this Congressional district, and that a copy of the same be presented to his wife and to his mother.

Thus done at Dexter, Mo., July 21, 1890.

D. B. GARRISON,
C. L. KEATON,
J. L. FORT,
J. F. RANEY,
J. L. SLAYDEN,
Committee.

HON. J. J. RUSSELL'S ADDRESS ON THE DEATH OF HON. JAMES P. WALKER, DELIVERED AT THE POPLAR BLUFF CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

Mr. Chairman, it is eminently appropriate that this convention should pause, before proceeding to its regular business, to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of one whose name it was expected would occupy a prominent place in its proceedings.

The death-blow has been suddenly dealt to one whom we all loved and honored. Again the impressive warning has come to us that "in the midst of life we are in death."

There are many delegates on this floor who, were our lamented friend yet among the living and contesting for further political distinction, would to-day honor him and honor themselves by giving to him their loyal support. There are nineteen delegates occupying seats in this hall, representing the county that he loved so much, instructed by a unanimous vote for him who has since that time been stricken down by the relentless hand of fate. The object of their commission is no more. He is not here to accept the support of these true and devoted friends. But they have requested me in their behalf, and in the name of all the people of Stoddard County (for they were all his friends), to express their sorrow. They come from the county and village of his home where he now sleeps beneath the newly made mound. They realize that instead of returning home with glad tidings of his nomination by this convention, as they had anticipated, they will return with sad and heavy hearts, to mourn with his friends at home that are now under a cloud of gloom by reason of their loss and of the fresh recollections of the dark habiliments of the grave.

How mysterious are the councils of Death. We regard it as the natural end of a fully completed life. It is natural for the aged to pass away, like the fullblown leaf, that has lived through spring and summer and filled the period of its natural existence and falls with the autumn blast; so the old naturally pass away to the realms of the dead. But for the young, the ambitious, and promising—how sad, how strange, how unnatural.

A fortnight ago he was in health, engaged in an exciting but honorable contest with his distinguished political rivals that he hoped would culminate in his triumphant nomination in this convention. But instead he now sleeps the peaceful sleep of the just that knows no waking, and to his friends the memory of his wordly ambitions is now as the memory of a dream.

He was inspired by an honorable ambition, supported by friends who were legion and true as the magnetic needle, and led on by the brightest anticipations of success. And, be it said to his eternal praise among men, that in his anxious contest he held his official duty to his people sacred above all else. When his associates in Congress, who loved him, desired his presence to vote upon what is called the election bill, but really a bill to stamp out the most vital principle of American independence and to

destroy the sanctity of the ballot—the most dangerous law menacing the peace of the country and the time-honored constitutional rights of the people of the States ever attempted in the history of the Republic—Mr. WALKER left his pressing canvass that he might record his vote against the passage of that bill, when, had he consulted his political sagacity, he would have turned his back upon duty to add to his prospects for further political success.

Not only did this long trip in the midst of his canvass endanger his political future, but his physicians and friends believed the exposure incident to his long trip in the most exhausting heat of midsummer, added to his already physical fatigue and mental excitement, had much to do with his death.

The life and career of Mr. WALKER have been most remarkable instances of the high rewards that may be achieved by personal endeavor.

He was purely a self-made man. In his early boyhood life he came from Tennessee to this State with a widowed mother, whom he for years struggled with the affairs of the world in hard, honest toil to support. He had nothing but his honest heart and brave hands upon which to depend for his future destiny. He came to make for himself a home and friends, a bright name, and an honored grave among our people. He loved Missouri and looked hopefully to her future. He saw her unsurpassed soil and climate. He saw her unequaled natural resources and advantages. He saw her broad rivers, capable of bearing upon their bosoms the commerce of the world. He saw her bright future, and came to cast his lot with ours in achieving her greatness.

He made many friends and prospered well. He showed a fondness for politics, and always boldly took his stand on all public and political questions. He was a delegate to the national Democratic convention held at Cincinnati in 1880 that nominated General Hancock. He also served at one time upon the State Democratic committee. In the memorable contest in this district in 1884 he was in both conventions the leading candidate, but was defeated. In the two following elections he was successful, and in the last he was nominated by acclamation. In Congress he has ever been faithful and true, and to show his great popularity with the people I need only say that two years ago he received two hundred and thirty-nine more votes in this district, against an able and honorable Republican opponent, than that typical, honest, and courageous Democratic leader Grover Cleveland.

Mr. WALKER was not great in classical learning, but that which is more important in this age, a practical business education, with fine natural sense and a cool, discriminating judgment. He was not a gifted orator, but he was a plain, fluent, and forcible speaker.

He was a model husband, a kind and dutiful son. Nothing that we can say here of our friend can appease the anguish of his aged mother over the loss of her darling boy, nor lessen the grief of that poor, sad, and

bleeding heart that has lost in his death the object and idol of its devotion.

He was a consistent Christian man, whose character as a private citizen and as a public officer was spotless. No suspicion of dishonesty nor rumor of dishonor, no taint of corruption, either in his private or public life, ever rested upon his fair name.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

ADDRESS OF MR. BERRY, OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Mr. WALKER represented a district in the State of Missouri which extends along the border of the State in which I reside. For this reason and because some of his constituents were known to me I sought and made his acquaintance soon after he came here as a member of the Fiftieth Congress.

The acquaintance that was thus begun soon ripened into friendship, which continued until the time of his death. I felt for him and for his success in the career upon which he was entering more than an ordinary interest, because I had learned that in early life he had been thrown upon his own resources, that grave responsibilities devolved upon him in his youth, and that in every situation and under all conditions he had borne himself as only a true man can; that in the ambitions of his life and in the contests in which he engaged for place and position he never either forgot the feelings or trampled upon the rights of others.

He fought the battle of life alone; he sought aid from no man; he had the disposition to labor, the energy to persevere, the will to do and dare, and the determination to succeed, but only by fair and honorable methods. Without means, with a limited education, with a mother and sisters dependent

upon him, he rose from an obscure position to a place in the Congress of the United States.

Twice selected to that position, loved and honored by his people, in the midst of a contest for a third term the dread summons came, and he passed from life to the dark chamber of death. There is something peculiarly touching and sad in contemplating the death of one who is stricken down in the very meridian of his manhood, cut off at the time when the hopes are highest and the prospects brightest; and yet who can tell when it is best to go; who can say that death comes before the life is complete? It matters less when we die than the manner in which we live. We cling to life with great tenacity. "All that a man hath will he give for his life;" yet I imagine that there are times in the life of almost every man when he becomes weary of the contest, when he feels that it would be a relief to sink to rest; that he feels that he could better bear the "ills that he knows not of" rather than face the difficulties, the disappointments, and the deferred and never-to-be-realized hopes that surround and confront him. But death neither comes nor stays his hand at our bidding, but it comes to all at last.

When we stop to contemplate death, the ambitions and the animosities that surround us, the contests for power and wealth, and the hopes and fears that go to make up our daily life appear infinitely small, trivial, and commonplace; and I imagine that when the time shall come for each of us, when all hope is gone, and we know the end is near, in looking back over the life we have lived it will not be the wealth that we have accumulated, the victories over our foes or fellow-men, or the honors that we have gathered that will give us most pleasure or satisfaction, but the kind word or kind deed spoken or performed when kindness was most needed and least expected.

If we have made the pathway of some wayworn, weary, and less fortunate brother less steep and less difficult; if there has been a time in our lives when we have sacrificed our dearest hopes and dearest wishes rather than inflict wrong or unhappines upon others, these are the things that will illuminate the dark river, and make the farther shore appear less to be dreaded, less to be feared.

In the life of him whose memory we honor to-day there is much to be admired, much to be commended, but it is not the record of his public life, not the record of the man in the Congress of the United States, thoroughly honorable and praiseworthy as that record was, that should receive the greatest praise, but that part of his life which should command the highest admiration is the record of the boy, struggling without complaint to support and defend the widowed mother and the helpless sister; the record of the man in his private life, honorable and upright, and so full of tenderness, of kindness, and generosity to all, that he commanded the confidence and the respect of all.

There were many men in Congress more distinguished than he, many whose names were known throughout the land, while it may be his was known to but few beyond the limits of the State in which he lived, and yet none were more true to their convictions of right, none more earnest in the discharge of public duty, none more faithful to those who trusted them.

He sleeps to-day beneath the soil of the great State that he had made his home, within the limits of the district that he had served so well, surrounded by those who knew him best and loved him most. Let us hope that his life will be long remembered, and that his good deeds will serve to incite others to the highest aims and most lofty purposes.

ADDRESS OF MR. CARLISLE, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I became quite well acquainted with Mr. WALKER while he was a member of the House of Representatives and had many opportunities to form a correct estimate of his character and capacity. I can indorse without qualification all that has been said by the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Cockrell] and the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Berry] concerning the fidelity and integrity of this gentleman in the discharge of his public duties.

His most prominent service in the House was rendered as a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions. He was always laborious, conscientious, and faithful in the discharge of his duties as a member of that committee, and was invariably just and liberal in the treatment of all applications that came before him.

His reports were always clear and succinct, and showed that he had mastered every detail of the subject under consideration. He was not a man of many words, but what he said was well considered and pertinent to the matter in hand.

Mr. WALKER was in every sense of the word a self-made man. He laid the foundation of his political fortune with his own hands. He had no influential friends or powerful family connections to introduce him to the public favor or secure for him a support he did not deserve, but like thousands of other American boys who have won distinction in the professions and in the public service, he relied alone for success upon his own efforts.

I speak very briefly, Mr. President, because others here and in the House of which he was a member have already

reviewed the life and character of Mr. WALKER more fully than I could hope to do.

He died, as has been said, comparatively a young man, being less than forty years old. I think his career in the House, brief as it was, justifies me in saying that if he had lived and had continued in the public service he would have become a prominent and valuable member of the legislative department of the Government.

ADDRESS OF MR. VEST, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the presence of a fact so terrible as death misrepresentation and exaggeration should have no place. Death is a tragedy even to those for whom it has no terror. It works the most momentous change within the scope of imagination, for it ends a human life, with all its joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, appetites, and passions.

I shall speak of my dead friend as I knew him. He was brave, honest, and devoted to duty. He was not brilliant nor imaginative, but of sound judgment and earnest convictions, devoted to the truth as he saw it, and the unfaltering opponent of wrong.

In his public life he followed great principles, and was not "an importunate mendicant for popular applause."

By reason of our personal friendship he often consulted with me as to matters affecting his district, and I remember that in our last interview, when he came back from his canvass to record his vote against the election bill, he told me that one of his opponents, a man of ability and influence, had announced himself for the subtreasury scheme, and he said, "I have taken my position against it, but I think my action will defeat me for reëlection." Then, without ostenta-

tion, but calmly and modestly, he added, "There is something, however, better than office, and that is self-respect. With my convictions I can not support the subtreasury bill, and no one shall think so." He returned home to meet the battle raging against him, and fell like a soldier on the stricken field, his banner full high advanced and his face to the foe.

He died in the flush of manhood, before age and disease had touched his nerves or chilled the warm current in his veins. His feet had barely touched that dividing line in life's journey when the passions begin to cool and judgment asserts its highest functions.

I once heard from eloquent lips, now hushed in death, that the adventurer in Central America, after climbing over range after range of volcanic hills, at last stands upon the dividing summit from which he can behold both oceans at once. Turning from the Caribbean Sea, its rippling waves and islands of tropical beauty, before him lies the dark, heaving Pacific, stretching away under the cloud of immensity to that fabled region where the dreams of the ancients had located the "Isles of the Blessed."

May we not hope that the beatified spirit of him we mourn now beholds, not a fabled Elysium, but that heaven of his Christian faith, where "the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine?"

MR. COCKRELL. Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to; and at 5 o'clock and two minutes p. m. the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, February 11, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m.

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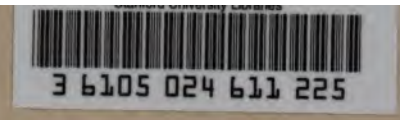
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